The Cerrillos Rustler.

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CERRILLOS - - - NEW MEXICO.

WHO IS THAT OLD JAY?

A Chicago gentleman of wealth and position was walking upon one of the ultra-fashionable thoroughfares arm in arm with an old man who wore clothes that can only be purchased at a country store. He was one of those kind faced and vigorous old men, and the atmosphere around him suggested the scent of clover fields. In the vulgar parlance he was a "jay." An acquaintance of the Chicago man, seeing him in company with this suburban individual, in a facetious manner asked: "Who is that old jay?" The following is the answer he received:

Who is that old Jay? Well,
It won't take very long to tell.
Did I get him out of a grab-bag? No;
I made his acquaintance years ago.
It was over there in the Buckeye state
That he and I became intimate;
By Jove! It's thirty-five years to-day
Since I was introduced to that old Jay.

Yes, his whiskers are cut a little queer,
His clothes look rather awkward here.
There is a contrast between his and mine.
Well, style never was much in his line;
Yet somehow, I'm kind of fond of him.
Yes, I know he's a farmer, while I'm in the "swim."
I'm showing him all the sights to-day,
And having fun with that old Jay.

The first I remember of him, way back,
He whittled for me a jumping jack.
I thought it the funniest kind of thing,
It was ecstacy to pull the string;
And then we'd sit by the big wood fire,
And he told me of David and Goliah;
I've spent many happy hours that way,
Being entertained by that old Jay.

Then I've often leaned on his good wife's knee,
And been told of Him from Galilee.
"Suffer little children to come unto me,
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," said He.
The gates of Heaven were opened wide,
And Jesus beckoned her to His side,
I shed many, many scalding tears that day,
As I stood at her coffin with that old Jay.

Time flew fast and years rolled on,
A birthday came, I was twenty-one.
I thought life on the farm too slow,
So I determined that I would go
To some great city and be a swell;
The neighbors said I was going to—well,
Of course the neighbors would have their say,
But one had faith; it was that old Jay.

I left with his blessing and dollars, too,
That blessing was luck and the dollars grew
Heap upon heap until my fortune was made;
I owe it to him and the wise things he said.
I know he looks sort of awkward and queer,
But if it wasn't for him I wouldn't be here,
Let me introduce you. Oh! don't hurry away,
He is my father, is that dear old Jay.

—Chicago Herald.

FEROBIA'S FAILURE.

It Was One of the Successful Kind, Anyhow.

"You're a stannin' in yer own light, Feroby."

Timothy Filbert shook his head solemnly as he spoke. He was a large man, with small, light blue eyes, and a chronic stoop in the shoulders, suggestive of a too steady application to the plow.

"You're a stannin' in yer own light," he repeated, impressively.

"Mebbe you're right, Timothy," admitted his sister, meekly. She was not naturally of a meek disposition, but there are times when the most spirited person feels crushed by circumstances, and such a moment had come to Miss Ferobia. Timothy felt somewhat placated by the unexpected admission.

"'Tain't too late yet," he suggested, briskly, taking his seat at the breakfast table, where his sister was already pouring the coffee. "You just say the word, Feroby, an' I'll give Jason Smallweed a hint that you've changed yer mind."

His pale blue eyes glanced inquiringly at his sister, but Miss Ferobia's momentary meekness seemed to have vanished as unaccountably as it had appeared.

"I *haven't* changed my mind," she retorted, with much asperity. "I won't marry Jason Smallweed, nor nobuddy else. I'll stay right here an' keep house for you the balance of my days."

Timothy wriggled uneasily. He had his own reasons for not appreciating the generous offer. To fortify himself for the disclosure which must be made he swallowed half his coffee at a gulp.

"I—I—the truth is, Feroby," he stammered, with a crimson countenance, "I felt so sartin I was a-goin' to lose you, I—I asked Nancy Garget, an' she said she'd *have* me."

The cat was out of the bag now, and Timothy mopped his face with his handkerchief and breathed a sigh of relief.

But Miss Ferobia, like a sensible woman, bore the shock bravely.

"And how soon am I to give up my situation?" she asked.

Timothy grew uncomfortable again.

"Hey? Oh!—why—you needn't to be in a hurry. It won't come off fur a week yet," he hastened to explain. "An', of course, you know *I* wouldn't hev nothin' agin yer stayin' right along, same as ever, only Nancy, she—"

"You couldn't *hire* me to stay," was the reassuring answer, and Timothy congratulated himself on having the matter so easily settled.

"It puzzled me consider'ble to know why Timothy was so sot on me changin' my mind," reflected Miss Ferobia, as she washed up the breakfast dishes and polished the knives and forks. "But it's plain as a pikestaff now. I might o' knowed he was sayin' one word fur me an' two fur hisself."

Miss Ferobia was as unlike her brother in appearance as she was in disposition.

While he was stoop-shouldered she was straight as an arrow. And though, as she admitted, she was "getting along" in years, her bright eyes and fresh complexion contradicted the assertion.

At her brother's request she remained at her post until the wedding was over and the bride installed in her new home.

There was very little congeniality between the two women, and Mrs. Timothy Filbert was disposed to triumph over her sister-in-law.

"I s'pose you wasn't a-countin' on your brother *marryin'*," she remarked, disagreeably, as she combed out her ink-black tresses before the square-framed looking glass in the best room.

"He had a right to please himself," rejoined Miss Ferobia, composedly.

"But what are you going to do?" persisted the bride. "As I told Timothy before I promised to have him, the house wa'n't big enough fur *two* families, an' you couldn't expect to stay after *I* come."

"An' as *I* told him, I wouldn't stay if he *paid* me for it," retorted Miss Ferobia, emphatically.

"Oh, you're mighty independent," sniffed Nancy, tossing her head. "I suppose you're a-calculatin' to take up with Jason Smallweed. You wouldn't ketch *me* marryin' a widderer," she added, maliciously. "If I couldn't be the tablecloth I wouldn't be the *dish-rag*. But I s'pose he's Hobson's choice with you."

The truth was that she was afraid her sister-in-law might still manage to retain a place in the household by hook or by crook, and she was determined to provoke an altercation in order to prevent such a sequence.

But Miss Ferobia was not to be drawn into a quarrel.

"He may be *Hobson's* choice, but he is not mine," she returned, coolly.

Nancy, however, was as persistent as a gnat or a gadfly.

"I don't doubt but what you'd rather have Felix Byefield," she suggested, slyly, "but you needn't to count on gittin' him, fur he's a-keepin' comp'ny with the Widder Cheeseman, an' everybuddy says they're a-goin' to marry after harvest."

It was a random shot on Nancy's part, but her black eyes sparkled with malicious triumph as she saw by her sister-in-law's burning cheeks that the poisoned arrow had struck home.

Miss Ferobia deigned no reply, however, but went coolly about preparations for her own departure.

She had rented a small cottage and a few acres of ground a mile or two from the old homestead, and Timothy could do no less than get out the spring wagon and drive her to the new home.

It was yet early in the springtime and the wild plum trees were white with bloom. The tall maples and elms by the roadside swung their light tassels in the soft breeze and myriads of buttercups and purple-hued pansies dotted the grass-grown lanes.

"I dunno what you wanted of so much ground 'round your house," remarked Timothy, reflectively, as the wagon rolled easily along. "Half an acre would of been enough, *I* should say."

"No, it wouldn't," maintained his sister, stoutly. "I'm a-goin' into the gardenin' business, to raise truck for the markets."

Timothy whistled.

"You'll make a failure of it, sure as guns," he declared, ruthlessly.

But Miss Ferobia was not to be discouraged.

"There's plenty of *men* make a livin' at it, an' why not *me?*" she asked. "I've got a little money laid by to start on. An' I've got a stout pair of arms, an' never was sick a day in my life; so why should I make a failure of it?"

But Timothy only shook his head and remarked, vaguely, that it was "unpracticable, and she would find out," and declined to commit himself further. And the conference was cut short by their arrival at the cottage.

It was a lonely place but Miss Ferobia was blessed with strong nerves and solitude had no terrors for her.

She had accumulated a few odds and ends of furniture from time to time, the gifts of various friends and relatives, which went a good way toward furnishing her diminutive dwelling.

And when they were arranged to her satisfaction and a square of bright rag carpet tacked down in the center of the room Miss Ferobia felt as happy as a king.

She was too tired after her day's work to do more than take a cup of tea and retire to rest. But a comfortable night's sleep on the old-fashioned, square-posted bedstead restored her energies, and for the next few days she was as busy as a nailer over her preparations.

Lem Dodson was hired to plow the "truck-patch," a cow with a young calf was bargained for and a few fowls of the Plymouth Rock and Dorking species were purchased and were soon cackling vigorously around their new quarters.

After a little more help from neighbor Dodson and a vigorous use of the hoe on Miss Ferobia's part the ground was in readiness for planting and the ambitious market gardener sat up till long past her usual bedtime looking over her stock of seeds and selecting those requisite for immediate use.

There might still be late frosts, she reflected, and such tender plants as beans and cucumbers, summer squashes and nutmeg melons, would be better out of the ground than in it for a few days to come.

But beets and lettuce, spinach and marrowfat peas and rutabagas would stand anything short of a regular freeze, and might be safely planted at once.

And, late though she sat up, the first pink flush of early dawn did not find Miss Ferobia napping the next morning, nor for many mornings to come.

She was up with the birds, and after a hasty breakfast out she sallied, and hoed and raked, weeded and transplanted, till her back ached and her fingers grew sore and her nose freckled and her cheeks tanned. But gardening is hard work, at best, and though Miss Ferobia labored with a will, the grass and weeds *would* creep in here and there in spite of her vigilance. The purslane—"pusly" she called it—and horse-nettles grew faster than her butter-head lettuce or white spine cucumbers.

Then the weather was not always propitious, and her first planting of sugar-corn and early rose potatoes rotted in the ground.

But Miss Ferobia, nothing daunted, replanted the vacant rows with later varieties, and in due time the seed sprouted and gave every promise of a luxuriant crop.

But from that time on it was, as the little woman declared, a "tussle" between herself and the weeds.

While she was hoeing her cabbages and kohl robies and weeding her silver-skin onions, the cockle burrs and wild morning glories were flourishing among her sweet corn and potatoes.

She worked early and late, however, to eradicate the tenacious interlopers, and finally succeeded in accomplishing her task. When lo! one unlucky night Farmer Nubbin's pigs forced their way through a broken panel of the fence, and played havoc among the growing crops.

Small wonder, indeed, if our heroine lost her temper at last and pelted those pigs with clods, or whatever came handiest, and even whacked one of them across the snout with the hoe-handle.

But with all her efforts it was late in the day when the last one of the marauders was disposed of, and the fence patched up after a fashion.

Miss Ferobia's workmanship, if not exactly artistic, was sufficiently ingenious to prevent further inroads in that direction.

But for some reason from that time on the fates seemed to turn a cold shoulder to her efforts.

The rabbits feasted on her early York cabbages and marrowfat pease, the striped bugs worked destruction on her cucumbers and Cassava melons, the Colorado beetle devastated her potatoes, and the squash-bugs ate up her Boston marrows and patty-pan squashes. The foxes, minks, owls and hawks, to say nothing of opossums and weasels thinned the ranks of her young Dorkings and Plymouth Rocks; and, to make matters worse, her cow turned out to be a "jumper" and brought disgrace on herself and trouble to her mistress by daily raids on Farmer Nubbins' corn field.

This was the last straw, and, like the mythical camel, Miss Ferobia broke down under it.

"There ain't no use a-tryin', as I see," she lamented, dolefully, as she set out her one cup and saucer in readiness for her tea. "A lone woman don't have no chance at all.

"An' here I've spent all my money an' my garden ain't wuth shucks. And Timothy, he'll say he told me how 'twould be, and that I'd better o' married Jason Smallweed. And I almost b'lieve—I—would— No, I wouldn't, either. I won't take up with a crooked stick, if I be nearly through the woods—"

"Evenin', Miss Feroby," interrupted a cheery voice, and there, framed in the doorway, stood Felix Byefield, a smile brightening his honest, sunbrowned face.

Miss Ferobia shook hands with her visitor, and drew forth a chair for him, with a secret fluttering at her heart as she remembered her sister-in-law's insinuation.

But Felix was evidently bent on making himself agreeable.

"An' so you've struck out for yourself," he observed. "Gittin' along first rate, I opine. You must show me your garden."

"I haven't got any garden, and you sha'n't see it," declared Miss Ferobia, inconsistently. "It's all choked up with weeds—I couldn't keep them out. An' what with the bugs, an' the rabbits an' pigs, I ain't got a cabbage-head left, skeercely."

"Sho', now, you don't say! Why, if that ain't too bad," responded Felix, sympathetically.

"An' the varmints has took all my young chickens," continued Miss Ferobia. "An' Farmer Nubbins is a-goin' to shoot my cow, an', an'—"

The thought of her woes was too much for her, and she began to sob hysterically.

"Don't cry, Miss Feroby; *please* don't," urged Felix. "He sha'n't shoot your cow, I promise you."

But Miss Ferobia shook her head, and dried her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"I'll *sell* the cow," she declared, soberly. "An' I'll go an' hire out somewhere. I can *cook* if I can't make garden."

"No need to hire out," put in Felix, eagerly. "I—I want somebody to cook for *me*. Say you'll marry me, Feroby!"

But Miss Ferobia in her surprise stared at him, then hung her head, blushing like a girl.

"It's so—*sudden*," she whispered.

"What's the odds?" asked Felix, boldly. "I wanted you long ago, only I couldn't somehow git the courage to ask you. Say *yes*, won't you, Feroby?"

And after a little more urging Miss Ferobia *did* say yes, and felt very well contented with her future prospects, in spite of her weedy garden.

"Timothy will say the truck business was a failure after all," she reflected, as she washed up her supper dishes at night, with a very light heart, "but he can't say it wasn't a *successful* failure, anyhow."—Helen W. Clark, in Leslie's Newspaper.

SIGHTS ON THE SUN.

Terrible Effects of the Explosive and Cyclonic Forces Now at Work.

The ancients who believed that the sun was as smooth and spotless as a golden mirror would be unspeakably astonished if they could see it as it has appeared when viewed with telescopes the last few days. Two large groups, or rather rows, of spots, which are yet visible near the center of the disk, have exhibited to a wonderful degree the terrific effects of the explosive and cyclonic forces that are now, month by month, gathering greater energy upon the sun. Holes large enough to swallow up the earth with plenty of room to spare have been formed there in the sight of the astronomer; shining bars have been shot across the dark chasms like bridges of fire; the twisted forms of the great flame-like phenomena which project hundreds of miles over the edges of the seemingly black and bottomless pits have given evidence of the operation of a mighty whirling power, and the puncturing of the bright disk with crowds of comparatively small black holes in the neighborhood of the greater spots has shown that over hundreds of thousands of square miles of the solar surface a tremendous rain of ejected matter is falling back upon the blazing photosphere.

Yet the changes that these outbursts are able to effect in the solar light and heat bear so small a proportion to the whole radiative energy of the sun that it is still an open question whether the earth feels them to a perceptible degree or not. It is only when a sun bursts out with such overwhelming might as was exhibited by the famous star in Cassiopea in 1572, or by a star in Cygnus in 1876, or by a star in Andromeda in 1885, that the planets circling around it are swept with fire. There is no known reason to believe that our sun will behave in that manner, at least in our time, and so everybody can enjoy the marvelous spectacle of the sunspots without apprehension for their consequences.—N. Y. Sun.

WHEN MEN SEE SNAKES.

The Appearance of the Reptiles Is Due to Congestion of the Eye-Veins.

The cause of persons whose nerves are excited by protracted and excessive use of stimulants seeing the shapes of animals passing before them is not due wholly to the imagination. In fact the fancy only operates to induce a belief that what is seen is alive and hideous.

The eyeball is covered by a network of veins, ordinarily so small that they do not intrude themselves visibly in the path of the light that enters the sight, but in the course of some diseases these veins are frequently congested and swollen to such size as to become visible, and when this happens the effect generally is to appear as if there were an object of considerable size at a distance from the eye.

Of course, this vein is generally long, thin and sinuous like a serpent, and the figure seen is frequently startlingly like a snake. That they seem to live is due to the fact that they are often not in perfect line with the direct front of sight. They are either to the side, up or down from the focus; therefore, when discovered, the victim naturally turns his eyes toward the effect, and the effect, of course, moves away.

The eye follows, and thus a continuous and realistic motion is got. Now, if the eye be returned to the front again quickly it will see another snake, which, if watched, will glide away in the same manner. The writer of this is afflicted by malarial disease, and after his eyes are thus congested many strange shapes and clouds pass within his vision, which, if he were in a state of nervous collapse, might easily be all that are seen by those suffering from delirium tremens.—N. Y. Times.

Oddities About Fleas.

Nothing curious about a flea, eh? Let us see. Put one under a strong microscope. What a transformation! It seems to be clothed in armor "from head to foot," formed of brown, overlapping plates that are so exceedingly tough as to be almost indestructible. Its head is small and very thin, with a single black eye on each side, the rays of light scintillating through the tiny optic like sparks of fire. Puget managed to look through the eye of a flea with his powerful glass, finding that its surface diminished objects in size while it multiplied them in number—a man appearing like an army of fairies, and the flame of a candle becoming a thousand tiny stars. From the shape of its head and for other reasons the flea is supposed to use but one eye at a time. The offensive weapon of the little creature is composed of two palpi, or "feelers," two piercers and a tongue. When it feeds it stands erect, thrusting this sucker into the flesh, and will eat without intermission if not disturbed. The flea's manner of breathing is still undetermined, but it is thought to be through two small holes at the end of the palpi.—St. Louis Republic.

An Unforeseen Emergency.

First Youth—I know where we can hire a boat. Let's go sailing.

Second Youth—I never sailed a boat, nor did you, I guess.

First Youth—No; but I've bought a book which tells all about how to sail a boat. Come on. I'll read the instructions while you steer.

Both Youths (half an hour later)—Ooo! woo! woo! We're upset.

Second Youth (floundering around in the water)—Wha-wha-what shall we do now?

First Youth (gasping)—I-I—don't—n-n-know; I've lost the book.—Good News.

A Motion to Reconsider.

She (sweetly)—You may speak to papa, George.

He—Ah! thanks. He is the rather stern-looking gentleman at the end of the piazza, is he not?

She—Yes.

He—Rather muscular?

She—Very.

He—Carries a deuced ugly-looking cane?

She—Yes, that is he.

He—Well, really, don't you think you have spoken a little hastily?—Munsey's Weekly.

Her Papa and Her Lover.

Henry (as Ethel enters)—My darling, it has been years, centuries, since I saw you last!

Ethel's Papa (upstairs, calling to servant)—Mary, whom did you let in just now?

Mary—Mr. Littleton.

Ethel's Papa—Good gracious! that's the sixth time he's been here this week.—Harvard Lampoon.

Satisfactory Explanation.

American Heiress—All is over between us, sir. I heard Gen. Knowall say you were no count.

Count Dollarseek—Ah, but you haf made meestake. Gen. Knowall not say I no count, he say I was no account.

American Heiress—Oh! I am yours.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Chivalrous Lad.

"Mamma," said Willie, "that little Susie Harkins called me a donkey today."

"What did you do?"

"Well, of course I couldn't slap a little girl, so I told sister Mary, and she just scratched Susie out of sight."—Harper's Bazar.

Not Interchangeable.

Cholly Cholmondeley—The wowwies of this world are past cowwecting.

Harold Harrington—Wot a misantwophe you have become; wherefore philosophizing?

Cholly Cholmondeley—The wing I bought for Alice Scott don't fit Minnie Renee.—Jeweler's Circular.

Why He Didn't Get His Degree.

Prof. Digamma—Will you inform the class, Mr. Porter, where Homer was born?

Porter (reflectively)—There are eight places which claim to be Homer's birthplace, but I believe, sir, it is now well settled that only five of them are really such.—Life.

At an Arizona Post.

The Lieutenant (pointing to a canyon)—If you don't accept me, to-morrow I shall be down at the bottom of that canyon.

The Colonel's Daughter — What — dead?

The Lieutenant—No—fishing.—Puck.

A Sympathetic Man.

"My brudder," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all infliction, in all your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy."

"Whar? Whar?" shouted several.

"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.—Light.

ONE CONSOLATION.

I may be "yaller,"
And covered with fleas,
But my pants, thank the Lord,
Don't bag at the knees.

—Life.

An Appropriate Name.

Boston Cultured Girl (to Chicago ditto)—And so you have a literary club in Chicago. What do you call it?

Chicago Girl—We have named it The Fortnightly.

Boston Girl — Because it is too weakly?—Life.

An Impossible Feat.

First Girl—Don't you ever cry when you go to the theater?

Second Girl—No; I'm not so easily affected as that.

First Girl—I'm afraid you are hard-hearted.

Second Girl—No; it isn't that. But I never could cry and chew gum at the same time.—Judge.

His Advantage.

Maud—No girl could have refused him if he had proposed to her as sweetly as he proposed to me.

Mary—But you must remember, dear, that he has had a great deal of experience.—Munsey's Weekly.